

## The Herald and News.

PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY AT  
NEWBERRY, S. C.

"Der Kicker und Der Krank."

[From the Boston Globe.]

Der kicker was von lively man,  
Who make a fuss vander he can  
Und raise der wind mit vordy fight,  
Ven ebery dings was not yout right.

How people like to kick at him;  
But who would keep der vord in trim,  
If he discovered not a flaw,  
Und kicked on eberyding he saw?

Und dere's dot krank, who's always  
wound  
Und helps to make der vord turn  
round;

His field of usefulness was great,  
D'ough off he lifts in low estate.

Ven e'er der kicker has his say,  
Der krank invents some petter way;  
Der kicker kicks ven dings ain't right,  
Der krank prints petter dings to light.

Und so der two go hand in hand,  
Und raise a rumpus in der land;  
Yet, if der vord giv dem no thanks,  
I'll boom der kickers und der kranks.

EMILE PICKHARDT.

## WERSHIP.

[From the Washington Critic.]

Wide open stood the church's doors,  
And hundreds crowded there,  
Bedecked in Sunday finery  
Because the day was fair.

A stranger strolling by the place  
Approached and bowed his head,  
And to the sexton, gray and grim,  
He reverently said:

"Methinks, 'tis well, the people should  
Upon the Sabbath day,  
Collect in numbers such as these,  
To contemplate and pray."

"How noble is the thought, my friend,  
That those from far and near,  
The rich and great, do congregate  
In humble supplication here."

The sexton wiped his weeping eyes,  
And sadly turned away;  
"The President, you know," he said,  
"Comes here to church to-day."

## HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser Have a Tiff Over  
the Various Methods.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

I wanted to send off for a lady's fashion  
magazine, and on a dozen different  
occasions I begged of Mr. Bowser to  
write the letter and send off the money.

He kept promising and neglecting, man  
like, but one evening he said:  
"Give me the name of that magazine  
and I will get a letter off to-morrow."

"It's gone," I answered.  
"Who sent it?"  
"I did."

"Hump! Do you mean to tell me  
that you wrote a business letter?"  
"I do. I ordered the magazine and  
sent in a year's subscription."

"What did you write?"  
"Oh, in the usual form."  
"And chucked the \$2 into the letter,  
I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Well, that's about what I should  
expect of you. You'll never see either  
money or magazine again."

"I won't? Why?"  
"Because, in the first place, it stood  
just as good a chance of going to some  
machine shop as to a magazine office,  
with your style of directing an envelope;  
and because, secondly, if some post-  
office official doesn't steal the money  
they will gobble it at the end of the  
route and swear they never got it.

Mrs. Bowser, you are as simple  
as a child."

"But it may come all right?"  
"Yes; and we may discover a box  
of gold in the back yard. There's but one  
way to do business."

"How's that?"  
"See this postoffice money order for  
\$38? I am going to send that to Boston  
to-morrow. It will go straighter than a  
crow, and there is no cause for worry.  
However, it's useless to try to learn a  
woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then  
he suddenly inquired:  
"Have you heard from that magazine,  
Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not yet."  
"I suppose not. When you do hear,  
please let me know. After forty or  
fifty experiences of this sort you may  
learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again,  
and I was then able to show him a let-  
ter acknowledging receipt of the money  
and a copy of the magazine.

"It seems to have gone through," he  
said, as he handed the letter back, "but  
that was owing to Providence. Prob-  
ably the parties had heard of me and  
hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd  
raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off,  
Mr. Bowser?"  
He jumped out of his chair and  
turned pale and gasped:

"By gum! but I'd forgotten about  
that! I ought to have had an  
acknowledgment three days ago."

"Can't have been lost, eh?"  
"N-o."

"It was the only proper way to do  
business, wasn't it?"  
"Of course it was, and of course it  
got there all right. I'll probably get a  
letter to-morrow."

When the morning came I asked him  
if he had heard from his order.  
"Not exactly," he replied, "but I am  
certain it got there safe."

"But they ought to acknowledge it."  
"Y-es."

"There is but one way of doing busi-  
ness, Mr. Bowser. When I send off  
money I receive an acknowledgment of  
its arrival. You are sure you sent it?"

"Sure I sent it? Do you take me for a  
lunatic, Mrs. Bowser?"  
"But it's so queer."

"I don't see anything so queer about  
it. I wrote again two days ago, and I  
shall have a letter to-morrow begging  
my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by  
Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he  
came home that something was wrong,  
and he finally handed me the letter. It  
read:

"No postoffice order has been received  
from you. Please do not try any more  
cheatstunts on us."

"But you did send it," I protested.

"Of course I did."

"Directed your letter all right?"

"Certainly."

"Stamped and posted it?"

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser, you talk as  
if I didn't know enough to get aboard a  
street car and pay my fare!"

"But it's so queer. There is but one  
business way of doing business, Mr.  
Bowser. After forty of fifty experi-  
ences of this sort you may learn how to  
do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted  
to reply. He went to the postoffice and  
made complaint, and for the next two  
weeks that lost order was the topic of  
conversation. The officials sought to  
trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made  
a dash to this and that, and the hunt was  
still going on when, in dusting off his  
secretary and straightening up, his face  
turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, you men folks  
have curious ways of doing business. It  
is—

"I'd like to know how this letter got  
here?" he demanded.

"Never! Because I scolded you about  
your careless way of ending off money,  
and because you wanted to get even  
with me for it, you took this letter  
from my pocket and detained it. Mrs.  
Bowser, this is the last straw to the  
camel's load! Do you want alimony  
or a lump sum?"

Next day he was all right again,  
and he even stopped at the sale and  
brought me up half a dozen pair of  
gloves.

## Consult Your Wife.

Two gentlemen were talking about a  
business enterprise, in which though it  
involved some pecuniary risk, they were  
strongly inclined to embark.

Finally one of them remarked:  
"I must consult my wife before I  
decide."

"Why?" exclaimed the other, "is she  
boss?"

"No," was the calm reply, "neither  
am I. We are a well matched team;  
and we don't drive tandem. My wife  
is as much interested in the welfare of  
our family as I, and she has a right to  
have a voice in the investment of our  
little property."

There is nothing more than justice  
in this view of matrimonial obligation,  
especially in the case of poor or only  
moderately well-to-do families—and  
these comprise an overwhelmingly large  
portion of the families in this coun-  
try—where a slight increase or dimi-  
nution of the annual earnings would  
be felt alike by every member.

The wife who has labored in the home  
to earn or to save, while the husband  
has labored in the field, the shop, or  
the counting-room, is justly a partner  
in his earnings and their savings, and  
should share in all his plans of dispos-  
ing of their small accumulations, so as  
to make them more productive if all  
goes well.

## A True Tonic.

When you do feel well and hardly  
know what ails you, give B. B. B.  
(Botanic Balm Balm) a trial. It is a  
fine tonic.

T. O. Callahan, Charlotte, N. C.,  
writes: "B. B. B. is a fine tonic, and  
has done me good."

L. W. Thompson, Damascus, Va.,  
writes: "I believe B. B. B. is the best  
blood purifier made. It has greatly im-  
proved my general health."

An old gentleman writes: "B. B. B.  
gives me new life and new strength.  
If there is anything that will make an  
old man young, it is B. B. B."

P. A. Shepherd, Norfolk, Va., August  
10th, 1888, writes: "I depend on B. B. B.  
for the preservation of my health. I  
have had it in my family now nearly  
two years, and in all that time have  
not had to have a doctor."

Thos. Paulk, Alapaha, Ga., writes:  
"I suffered terribly from dyspepsia.  
The use of B. B. B. made me feel  
like a new man. I would not take a  
thousand dollars for the good it has  
done me."

W. M. Cheshire, Atlanta, Ga., writes:  
"I had a long spell of typhoid fever,  
which left me at least weak, and in my  
right leg, which swelled up enormous-  
ly. An ulcer also appeared which dis-  
charged a cup full of matter a day. I  
then gave B. B. B. a trial and it cured  
me."

## Hewitt &amp; Co's Alleged Purchase.

BALTIMORE, March 27.—Probably  
the officers of the Tennessee Coal, Iron  
and Railroad Company themselves do  
not know the truth about the rumors  
of what disposition has been made of  
the controlling interest in the company,  
as the stock has been bought up quietly.  
The manufacturer's Record has positive  
information that there is no real founda-  
tion for the rumors of Carnegie or  
Cooper, Hewitt & Co., having purchased  
a controlling interest in the company,  
but the controlling interest has been  
sold in New York, and there will be a  
change in the management at the an-  
nual election next month. This is cor-  
rect. Of course it does not preclude the  
possibility of Carnegie or any one else  
obtaining an interest hereafter.

## Family Prayers in the White House.

President Harrison holds family  
prayers in the White House every  
morning. At half past 7 o'clock the  
family assembles in the library where  
Gen. Harrison reads a chapter in the  
Bible, which he explains in a few  
words. The Lord's Prayer is then  
repeated by the entire family, and the  
maneuvers end. It has always been cus-  
tom for the Harrisons to have morn-  
ing family worship, and their occu-  
pancy of the White House will not  
interrupt the custom.

She scolds and frets,  
She's full of pouts,  
She's rarely kind and tender;  
The thorn of life—  
Is a fretful wife?

I wonder what will mend her?  
Try Pierce's Favorite Prescription.  
Ten to one, your wife is cross  
and fretful because she is sick and suf-  
fering, and cannot control her nerv-  
ousness when things go wrong. Make  
a healthy woman of her, and the  
chances are you will make a cheerful  
and pleasant one. "Favorite Prescrip-  
tion" is the only remedy for woman's  
peculiar ailments, sold by druggists,  
under a positive guarantee from the  
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## GLIMPSES OF STATESMEN.

How the Good Postmaster-General Does  
His Secular and Religious Work.

[Philadelphia Letter to the Baltimore  
American.]

John Wanamaker is evidently going  
to be the most-talked-about member of  
President Harrison's Cabinet. He has  
a score of qualities and attributes that  
will make him splendid material for  
newspaper men's sketches and for gos-  
sips' chat. Besides, he is so new to  
the public that everything about him  
will not only be interesting in itself,  
but will have the additional attraction  
of freshness.

Appropos, how picturesque was it  
that the new Cabinet Minister should  
pass his first Sunday in office teach-  
ing the five hundred and odd boys and  
girls who form his own special class in  
Bethany Church Sunday-School, of  
which he is Superintendent.

He will not travel by rail on Sunday  
if he can avoid it, and so he came up  
from Washington on Saturday night  
so as to be on hand bright and early  
Sunday afternoon at the "Mission."

He has a good deal of hard sense, how-  
ever, and though a strict Presbyterian,  
he doesn't hesitate about riding in the  
railway cars on the Lord's Day if he  
finds it reasonably necessary.

He doesn't, for example, remain at the  
country place all day Sundays, because  
it would be impracticable to come into  
the city in any other way than over the  
iron rails.

Amid all the work of the late cam-  
paign he never missed a Sunday after-  
noon at Bethany Mission. He finds  
his work there not only as he thinks,  
a good thing in itself, but also an ab-  
solute recreation for his heavily bur-  
dened mind.

He is practically the founder of the church, which exists  
in a part of the town that has become  
more respectable in accordance as  
Mr. Wanamaker's religious enterprise  
grew and prospered. There is a ly-  
ceum and a school connected with the  
church, and the Sunday-school is one  
of the largest in the city. Mr. Wana-  
maker has given more than \$100,000 to  
put up the necessary buildings and  
carry on the work. Of course, he is the  
patriarch of the church, and his flock  
rejoiced with him in filial enthusiasm  
upon his appointment to the Post-  
office Department. He is engaged in  
numberless other religious and philan-  
thropic enterprises, all of them, I fan-  
cily, affording him a good deal of pleas-  
ure, but none so dear to his heart as  
"Bethany." Though so religious, he  
doesn't object to further diluting the  
business matter with which his brain  
is filled by reading a good novel.

He is fond, too, of children's story books  
of the kind that are most to be found  
in Sunday-school libraries. He some-  
times finds a passage in which to adorn  
or point his addresses to the Sunday-  
school pupils.

You might call the novel his only  
compromise with Puritan rigor. He  
doesn't use tobacco in any form; he  
has never been at a theatre or circus;  
he doesn't dance, and he not only does  
not drink, but he never places wine be-  
fore other people. He will not change  
his position, either, during his resi-  
dence at Washington. At a dinner  
which he gave at his country place last  
week, some of his guests were de-  
lighted to see the table provided with  
handsome wine glasses. At the proper  
time the glasses were filled, too, with a  
fizzing liquid. A taste was enough to  
discover that the liquor was ale—but  
gingerale. He doesn't interfere with the  
drinking propensities of other people.  
Other people may go to the theatre, or  
also, if they please, without meeting  
with any rebuke from him. One of his  
sons is quite fond of the theatre, and  
is pretty sure to be seen in a good place  
in the parquet on all the most interest-  
ing nights. His wife always accom-  
panies him.

Mrs. John Wanamaker, however,  
holds the opinion of her husband on all  
these debatable questions. She takes  
a great interest, too, in his charitable  
and religious work, and shares some of  
it. She gave her own check for \$39,000  
recently to pay for a new wing to the  
Presbyterian Hospital, that is designed  
entirely for the reception of children,  
and is in all respects a complete hospi-  
tal in itself. She is now abroad, but is  
expected home very shortly. She has  
no experience whatever in the fashio-  
nable whirl, and apparently she has no  
desire to acquire any even now. She  
is the sister of Nathan Brown, now  
dead, with whom Mr. Wanamaker  
first went into business, twenty-seven  
years ago, with a capital of \$3,500 be-  
tween them. She is about the medium  
height and well made, quiet in her  
dress, and with that indefinable ex-  
pression of countenance acquired by  
women who are devoted to their house-  
holds, their churches and their chari-  
ties. She is the happy mother of two  
sons and two daughters. The sons are  
married. One of them—Thomas B.  
Wanamaker—married a granddaughter  
of the late John Welsh, at one time  
Minister to the Court of St. James.  
The Welsh family were regarded as  
great swells, and society worked itself  
into a ferment over what it regarded as  
a demeaning alliance with the son of a  
"retail shopkeeper." Fancy a man, im-  
porter, jobber, distributor and all the  
rest, doing a business of twelve mil-  
lions a year, being put down as a  
"mere retail shopkeeper!" But fashio-  
nable society was in a miff, only to  
forget that the Welsh family itself, so  
long ago, were "retail shopkeepers,"  
too. The talk about the matter sim-  
ply had the effect of piquing curiosity,  
and when the ceremony came off the  
church was so packed that the bridal  
party had all they could do to reach  
the chancel.

She will do most of the entertaining  
of the fashionable people at the Post-  
master-General's house. She is well  
qualified for the work, too, both by  
temperament and training. She is  
pretty and is bright and engaging. Her  
sister-in-law was decidedly handsome  
as a girl and is attractive as a matron.  
She comes of a fashionable Philadelphia  
family and is also likely to be seen a  
good deal in the social swim at the  
capital.

Her husband, by the way, is the ar-  
tistic member of his father's family.  
He is a musician of much more than  
the average talent and skill. There is  
a big church organ built into the wall  
of his father's country place, just above

the hall. In the pleasant summer  
evenings he sits there and plays, some-  
times the works of the greatest masters  
sometimes easy, familiar Sunday-  
school airs, while his father with his  
newspaper, his mother with her knit-  
ting or embroidery, and the rest of the  
family gather in a group below and  
listen.

## Anderson's Cotton Mill.

[Special to The Register.]  
ANDERSON, March 27.—The directors  
of the Anderson Cotton Mills have  
awarded to Watson & Cecil of Lexing-  
ton, N. C., the contract for making one  
and a half millions of brick with which  
to construct the mills. The brick are to  
be made on the spot where the building  
is to be located, thereby saving the  
trouble and expense of moving them.  
The work will begin next week. James  
A. Brock, the president of the mills, is  
a man of business up one side and down  
the other, and all the way around.  
Anderson is very favorably located for  
a cotton factory.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Con-  
tain Mercury.  
As Mercury will surely destroy the  
sense of smell and completely derange  
the whole system when entering it  
through the mucous surfaces. Such  
articles should never be used except on  
prescriptions from reputable physicians  
as the damage they will do to the  
fold to the good you can possibly de-  
rive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure,  
manufactured by P. J. Cheney & Co.,  
Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and  
is taken internally, and acts directly  
upon the blood and mucous surfaces of  
the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh  
Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is  
sold by all druggists and made in Toledo,  
Ohio, by P. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bot-  
tle.  
Kindly Consideration for Senator Vance.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The Re-  
publican Senators held a well attended  
caucus to-day. It was decided that  
the employment of clerks which would  
result in an overdraft upon the con-  
tingent fund was illegal, and therefore  
the scheme to employ all committee  
clerks must be abandoned. A reso-  
lution was adopted, however, to give  
Senator Vance a personal clerk. He  
has lost one eye and the sight of the  
other is failing, and his Republican  
colleagues deem it only just that he  
should be spared the necessity of using  
his remaining eye to conduct his official  
correspondence.

## Unusually Hilarious.

[From the San Jose Herald.]  
At one of the recent Moody revival  
meetings in San Francisco, the cus-  
tomary request was made that those  
suffering from any particularly heavy  
burden should stand up and ask for the  
prayers of the assembled multitude.  
After a few moments' silence a tall,  
meek-looking man arose, and in a voice  
choked with emotion asked that the  
prayers of the congregation might be  
offered for his mother-in-law. Instead  
of praying, the congregation first be-  
gan to titter, and finally roared with  
laughter.

## The Last of the Three Sisters.

[Charleston World.]  
The Three Sisters, the Palmettos  
which have withstood the storms of a  
century or more, on Sullivan's Island,  
near Fort Moultrie, were cut down yester-  
day. These trees have been land-  
marks on the Island for many years.  
They have been photographed and  
painted, and seen, in song and story,  
until they are known the world over,  
more or less. They were killed by the  
cyclone of 1883, and since they have  
been only gaunt, ugly spectres of their  
former selves. Yes, it is like breaking  
the Pitt statue, or destroying the little  
scrap of the old city wall, to cast them  
down.

Everybody who could get a little  
scrap of wood from the trees, and the  
amount carried off was by no means  
small. Some of the chips are lying  
around the little enclosure yet; large  
enough chips to make a paper weight  
or, a trinket of some kind, to keep  
fresh the memory of the "Three  
Sisters," who have watched so gravely  
and so unmoved the great changes that  
have taken place around them.

## To Assist Nature.

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue it  
is all that any medicine can do. In pul-  
monary affections, such as Colds, Bron-  
chitis, and Consumption, the mucous  
membrane first becomes inflamed, then  
accumulations form in the air-cells of  
the lungs, followed by tubercles, and,  
finally, destruction of the tissue. It is  
plain, therefore, that, until the hacking  
cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes  
can have no opportunity to heal.  
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Soothes and Heals  
the inflamed membrane, arrests the  
wasting process, and leaves no injurious  
results. This is why it is more highly  
esteemed than any other pulmonary  
specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt.,  
writes: "Four years ago I took a se-  
vere cold, which was followed by a  
terrible cough. I was very sick, and  
confined to my bed about four months.  
My physician finally said I was in con-  
sumption, and that he could not help  
me. One of my neighbors advised me  
to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so,  
and before I had taken half a bottle was  
able to go out. By the time I had  
finished the bottle I was well, and have  
remained so ever since."

Alonso P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills,  
Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a trav-  
eling salesman, and at that time was  
suffering with

Lung Trouble.  
For months I was unable to rest nights.  
I could seldom lie down, had frequent  
choking spells, and was often com-  
pelled to take the open air for relief.  
I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry  
Pectoral, which helped me. Its con-  
sistent use has entirely cured me, and, I  
believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. per bottle, \$1.

It is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant  
to the taste, quick in its action, and without any  
injurious effect, it gives that roused health  
which makes everything taste good, and cures  
dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians  
prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WILLIS RICHMOND & Co., Burlington, Vt.  
DIAMOND DYES. Color anything any color.  
Never Fades. Always lasts.

Bye-Bye, Civil Service!  
SCHANTON, Pa., March 28.—Daniel  
W. Connelly, who was appointed post-  
master of Schanton in May, 1885, and  
commissioned by the President, and  
then confirmed by the Senate in Janu-  
ary, 1886, and recommended for four  
years, has been removed on charges of  
incompetency preferred by Congress-  
man Schanton to President Harrison.  
The postmaster general, it seems, was  
not at all sanguine of the Congress-  
man's success in having the postmaster  
removed, but said he would lay the  
matter before the President at a Cab-  
inet meeting; that this was the first  
case of the kind that had been brought  
to the notice of the Administration and  
would be of wide interest as a test case,  
and that he was doubtful as to whether  
the President would comply with  
Schanton's request. The President,  
however, sustained the member from  
this district, fixing the precedent, it is  
claimed here, that charges made by a  
member of Congress over his signature  
concerning an official in his district  
is sufficient cause for removal.

## It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it  
has had a salutary effect. It has improved  
the nervous system and the blood, and  
restored the appetite and the strength. It  
is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant  
to the taste, quick in its action, and without any  
injurious effect, it gives that roused health  
which makes everything taste good, and cures  
dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians  
prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WILLIS RICHMOND & Co., Burlington, Vt.  
DIAMOND DYES. Color anything any color.  
Never Fades. Always lasts.

Bye-Bye, Civil Service!  
SCHANTON, Pa., March 28.—Daniel  
W. Connelly, who was appointed post-  
master of Schanton in May, 1885, and  
commissioned by the President, and  
then confirmed by the Senate in Janu-  
ary, 1886, and recommended for four  
years, has been removed on charges of  
incompetency preferred by Congress-  
man Schanton to President Harrison.  
The postmaster general, it seems, was  
not at all sanguine of the Congress-  
man's success in having the postmaster  
removed, but said he would lay the  
matter before the President at a Cab-  
inet meeting; that this was the first  
case of the kind that had been brought  
to the notice of the Administration and  
would be of wide interest as a test case,  
and that he was doubtful as to whether  
the President would comply with  
Schanton's request. The President,  
however, sustained the member from  
this district, fixing the precedent, it is  
claimed here, that charges made by a  
member of Congress over his signature  
concerning an official in his district  
is sufficient cause for removal.

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